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# QUIET HOURS.

A Collection of Poems.

*Compiled from various  
authors. By Mary W.  
Fiske Stone*

“Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.”

J. G. WHITTIER.



BOSTON:  
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1874.

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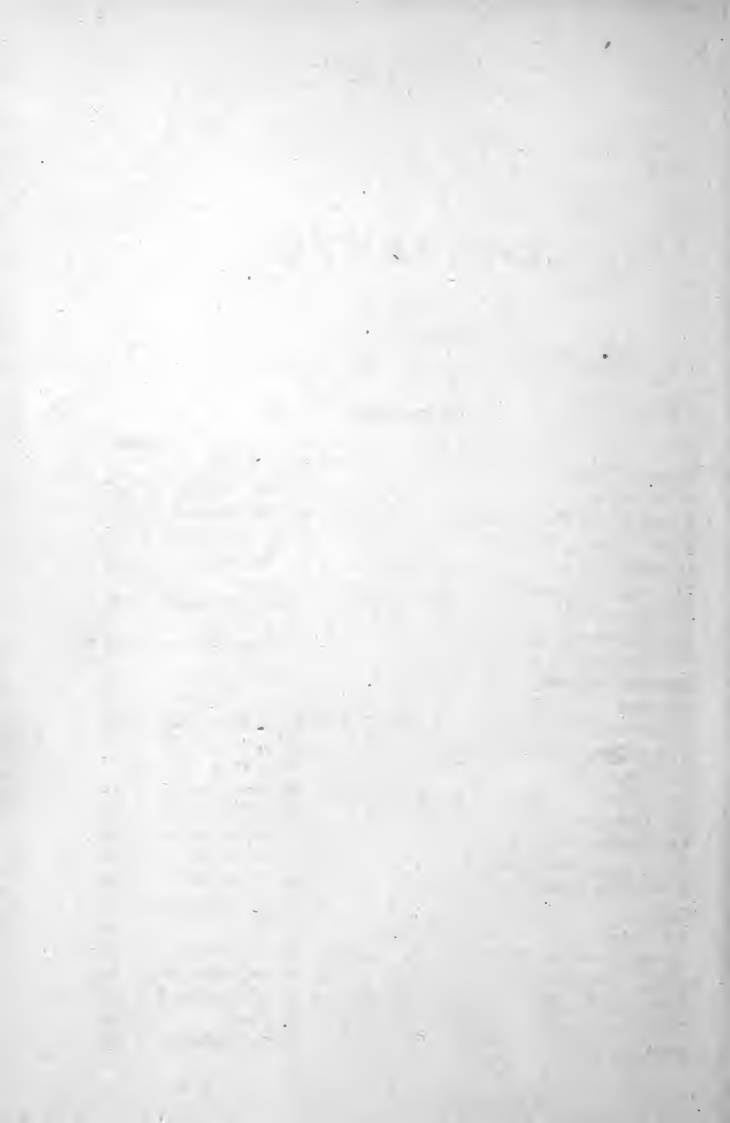
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## P R E F A C E.

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IN preparing this volume, the compiler has been careful not to change the author's language in any case. Omissions, however, have been made as seemed desirable; and the poems thus abbreviated are indicated, in the Index of First Lines, by asterisks. In some cases, the compiler has been favored with the latest corrections of the author, which will account for some variations from the current versions.

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# QUIET HOURS.

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## NATURE.

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### HYMN OF NATURE.

**H**ARK, my soul, how every thing  
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir  
Him with cheerful notes admire ;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have, too, their melody ;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring ;  
If Heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;  
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
 How to use thy nobler powers.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

### SILENT PRAISE.

O THOU, who givest to the woodland wren  
 A throat, like to a little light-set door,  
 That opens to his early joy, — to men  
 The spirit of true worship, which is more  
 Than all this sylvan rapture : what a world  
 Is Thine, O Lord ! — skies, earth, men, beasts,  
 and birds !

The poet and the painter have unfurled  
 Their love and wonder in descriptive words,  
 Or sprightly hues, — each, after his own sort,  
 Emptying his heart of its delicious hoards ;  
 But all self-conscious blazonry comes short  
 Of that still sense no active mood affords,  
 Ere yet the brush is dipt, or uttered phrase  
 Hath breathed abroad those folds of silent praise !

CHARLES TURNER.

### EXTRACT FROM "THE EXCURSION."

SUCH was the boy — but for the growing youth,  
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked —



Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay  
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces did he read  
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank  
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form  
All melted into him ; they swallowed up  
His animal being ; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live ; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM "FROST AT MIDNIGHT."

. . . . .  
**D**EAR babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,  
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep  
calm,  
Fill up the interspersèd vacancies  
And momentary pauses of the thought !  
My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart

With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,  
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore  
 And in far other scenes ! For I was reared  
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,  
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.  
 But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze  
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags  
 Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,  
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores  
 And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear  
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
 Of that eternal language, which thy God  
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach  
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.  
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould  
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

. . . . .  
 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### EVENTIDE.

COMES something down with eventide,  
 Beside the sunset's golden bars,  
 Beside the floating scents, beside  
 The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,  
 Flash after flash, the white  
 Broke up in many a shallow place ;  
 The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream :  
How many a marvellous power  
Sleeps in us — sleeps, and doth not dream !  
This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,  
No more was in me stirred ;  
*My* life was in the river's life,  
And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one :  
The shade beneath the bank,  
I felt it cool ; the setting sun  
Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene  
I was ; the mystery  
I felt of having ever been,  
And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour ?  
I know not ; but I mourned  
When, from that realm of awful power,  
I to these fields returned.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

## THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,  
 I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,  
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal, —  
 A sunny phantom interlaced with shade ;  
 “ Thanks be to heaven,” in happy mood I said,  
 “ What sweeter aid my matins could befall  
 Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?  
 What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,  
 To bid us feel and see ! We are not free  
 To say we see not, for the glory comes  
 Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea ;  
 His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms ;  
 And, at prime hour, behold ! He follows me  
 With golden shadows to my secret rooms ! ”

CHARLES TURNER.

## A SUMMER NIGHT.

PLAINNESS and clearness without shadow of  
 stain !

Clearness divine !

Ye Heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
 Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,  
 Are yet untroubled and unpassionate :

Who though so noble share in the world's toil,  
 And though so task'd keep free from dust and soil :

I will not say that your mild deeps retain  
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain  
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain ;  
But I will rather say that you remain  
A world above man's head, to let him see  
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
How vast, yet of what clear transparency.  
How it were good to sink there, and breathe free.  
How fair a lot to fill  
Is left to each man still.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

### THE SANDPIPER.

**A**CROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I,  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud, black and swift, across the sky ;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white light-houses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach,  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye ;  
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?  
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright !  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky ;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

## HYMN OF A HERMIT.

O UNSEEN Spirit ! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from Thee, rejoicing earth and  
air !

Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And Thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong with darkened rocks and  
dells,

And cloudless brightness opens wide on high  
A home aerial, where Thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,  
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,  
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play  
Of flash, and shadow, stirs like inward life ;  
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,  
Unhaunted by a thought of storm or strife.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,  
The peasant stops where swift the waters gleam,  
And broods as if his heart in silence drank  
More freshing draughts than that untainted stream.



The cottage roof, the burn, the spire, the graves,  
All quaff the rest of seasons hushed as this,  
And earth enjoys, while scarce its foliage waves,  
The deep repose and harmony of bliss.

O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace,  
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,  
In me command that pain and conflict cease,  
And turn to music every jarring sound.

How longs each gulf within the weary soul  
To taste the life of this benignant hour,  
To be at one with Thine untroubled whole,  
And in itself to know Thy hushing power.

Amid the joys of all, my grief revives,  
And shadows thrown from me Thy sunshine mar ;  
With this serene to-day dark memory strives,  
And draws its legions of dismay from far.

Prepare, O Truth Supreme ! through shame and  
pain,  
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm ;  
Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain,  
But heal the wounded breast with searching balm.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,  
In full accord to all Thy world of joy,  
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,  
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

In one, who walked on earth a man of woe,  
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;  
From him to me let inward quiet flow,  
And give the might my failing will requires.

So this great All around, so he, and Thou,  
The central source and awful bound of things,  
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now  
To land, and sea, and air, Thy presence brings.

JOHN STERLING.

### THE BIRD.

HITHER thou com'st. The busie wind all night  
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own  
warm wing  
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,  
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,  
Rain'd on thy bed  
And harmless head ;

And now, as fresh and chearful as the light,  
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing  
Unto that Providence whose unseen arm  
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.  
All things that be praise Him ; and had  
Their lesson taught them when first made.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## MY DOVES.

“O Weisheit! Du red’st wie eine Taube!” — GOETHE.

MY little doves have left a nest  
Upon an Indian tree,  
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest  
Or motion from the sea ;  
For, ever there, the sea-winds go  
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down,  
And there my little doves did sit,  
With feathers softly brown,  
And glittering eyes that showed their right  
To general Nature’s deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close  
Of murmuring waves beyond,  
And green leaves round, to interpose  
Their choral voices fond,  
Interpreting that love must be  
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers ! of living loves  
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,  
Their living voice the likeliest moves  
To lifeless intonation,  
The lovely monotone of springs,  
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away  
From that glad nest of theirs,  
Across an ocean rolling gray,  
And tempest-clouded airs.  
My little doves, — who lately knew  
The sky and wave by warmth and blue !

And now, within the city prison,  
In mist and chillness pent,  
With sudden upward look they listen  
For sounds of past content, —  
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,  
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,  
The triumph of the mart,  
The gold and silver as they clash on  
Man's cold metallic heart,  
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,  
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean,  
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,  
Are fastened upwardly to mine !)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest  
Beneath the sunny zone ;  
For love that stirred it in their breast  
Has not aweary grown,

And 'neath the city's shade can keep  
The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills  
With pastoral memories ;  
All echoings from out the hills,  
All droppings from the skies,  
All flowings from the wave and wind,  
Remembered in their chant, I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,  
My little doves ! to move  
Along the city-ways with heart  
Assured by holy love,  
And vocal with such songs as own  
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream, —  
More hard, in Babel's street !  
But if the soulless creatures deem  
Their music not unmeet  
For sunless walls, let *us* begin,  
Who wear immortal wings within !

To me, fair memories belong  
Of scenes that used to bless,  
For no regret, but present song,  
And lasting thankfulness,  
And very soon to break away,  
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,  
For flowers the valley yields !  
I will have humble thoughts instead  
Of silent, dewy fields !  
My spirit and my God shall be  
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

E. B. BROWNING.

TO A SNOWDROP FOUND IN FEBRUARY.

I KNOW not what among the grass thou art,  
Thy nature, nor thy substance, fairest flower,  
Nor what to other eyes thou hast of power  
To send thine image through them to the heart ;  
But when I push the frosty leaves apart,  
And see thee hiding in thy wintry bower,  
Thou growest up within me from that hour,  
And through the snow I with the spring depart.

I have no words. But fragrant is the breath,  
Pale Beauty, of thy second life within.  
There is a wind that cometh for thy death,  
But thou a life immortal dost begin,  
Where, in one soul, which is thy heaven, shall  
dwell  
Thy spirit, beautiful Unspeakable !

ANON. *From "The Seaboard Parish."*

## THE VIOLET.

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man,  
By this thy lonely home and modest look ;  
For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,  
Nor learns to read from such a lowly book.  
With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow  
Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,  
Content this humble lot of thine to know,  
The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines ;  
Without fixed root he cannot trust like thee  
The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,  
But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,  
And would delay, or speed them with his call ;  
Nor trust like thee, when wintry winds blow cold,  
Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.

JONES VERY.

## THE DAISY.

EACH hath its place in the Eternal Plan :  
Heaven whispers wisdom to the wayside  
flower,  
Bidding it use its own peculiar dower,  
And bloom its best within its little span.  
We must each do, not what we will, but can ;  
Nor have we duty to exceed our power.  
To all things are marked out their place and hour ;

The child must be a child, the man a man.  
And surely He who metes, as we should mete  
Could we His insight use, shall most approve,  
Not that which fills most space in earthly eyes,  
But what — though Time scarce note it as he flies —  
Fills, like this little daisy at my feet,  
Its function best of diligence in love.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

### THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee : —  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company :  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.



For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE RHODORA:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there  
brought you.

R. W. EMERSON.

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE

“**W**HAT are you looking at ? ” the farmer said ;  
“ That’s nothing but a yellow-flowering  
weed.”

We turned, and saw our neighbor’s grizzled head  
Above the fence, but took of him no heed.

There stood the simple man, and wondered much  
At us, who wondered at the twilight flowers  
Bursting to life, as if a spirit’s touch  
Awoke their slumbering souls to answer ours.

“ It grows all o’er the island, wild,” said he.  
“ There’s plenty in my field. I root ’em out ;  
But, for my life, it puzzles me to see  
What you make such a wonderment about.”

The good man turned, and to his supper went ;  
While kneeling on the grass, with mute delight,  
Or whispered words, around the plant we bent  
To watch the opening buds that love the night.

Slowly the rosy dusk of eve departed,  
And one by one the pale stars bloomed on high ;  
And one by one each folded calyx started,  
And bared its golden petals to the sky.

One throb from star to flower seemed pulsing through  
The night ; one living spirit blending all  
In beauty and in mystery ever new ;  
One harmony divine through great and small.

E'en our plain neighbor, as he sips his tea,  
I doubt not through his window feels the sky  
Of evening bring a sweet and tender plea  
That links him even to dreamers such as I.

So through the symbol alphabet that glows  
Through all creation, higher still and higher  
The spirit builds its faith, and ever grows  
Beyond the rude forms of its first desire.

O boundless Beauty and Beneficence !  
O deathless Soul that breathest in the weeds,  
And in a starlit sky ! E'en through the rents  
Of accident thou serv'st all human needs,

Nor stoopest idly to our petty cares ;  
Nor knowest great or small, since, folded in  
By Universal Love, all being shares  
The life that ever shall be or hath been.

C. P. CRANCH.

### THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads  
Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,  
Dissolved in glory float,  
And, midway of the radiant flood,  
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
The sky a sea as well,  
And which is earth, and which the heavens,  
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour  
Soft passing shall descend,  
May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
The earth and heavens blend ;

Flooded with peace the spirit float,  
With silent rapture glow,  
Till where earth ends and heaven begins  
The soul shall scarcely know.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

### C A L M.

'TIS a dull, sullen day, — the gray beach o'er  
In rippling curves the ebbing ocean flows ;  
Along each tiny crest that nears the shore  
A line of soft green shadow rises, glides, and goes.

The tide recedes, the flat smooth beach grows bare,  
More faint the low sweet plashing on my ears,  
Yet still I watch the dimpling shadows fair,  
As each is born, glides, pauses, disappears.

What channel needs our faith, except the eyes ?  
God leaves no spot of earth unglorified ;  
Profuse and wasteful, lovelinesses rise ;  
New beauties dawn before the old have died.

Trust thou thy joys in keeping of the Power  
Who holds these changing shadows in His hand ;  
Believe and live, and know that hour by hour  
Will ripple newer beauty to thy strand.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

### THE FOREST GLADE.

AS one dark morn I trod a forest glade,  
A sunbeam entered at the further end.  
And ran to meet me thro' the yielding shade, —  
As one who in the distance sees a friend,  
And, smiling, hurries to him ; but mine eyes,  
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,  
Received the greeting with a quick surprise  
At first, and then with tears of pure delight ;  
For sad my thoughts had been, — the tempest's  
wrath  
Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow grey ;  
That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath,  
Had turned my feet into that forest-way,  
Just when His morning-light came down the path,  
Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TURNER.

### SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

ONLY ten miles from the city, —  
And how I am lifted away  
To the peace that passeth knowing,  
And the light that is not of day !

All alone on the hill-top !  
Nothing but God and me,  
And the spring-time's resurrection,  
Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,  
Hills dreaming of their past ;  
And all things silently opening,  
Opening into the Vast !

Eternities past and future  
Seem clinging to all I see,  
And things immortal cluster  
Around my bended knee.

That pebble — is older than Adam !  
Secrets it hath to tell ;  
These rocks — they cry out history,  
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling  
Of storm and moon-led tide ;  
The sun finds its East and West therein,  
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle  
Still creeps with the Life Divine,  
Where the Holy Spirit loitered  
On its way to this face of mine, —

On its way to the shining faces  
Where angel-lives are led ;  
And *I* am the lichen's circle  
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus  
To the sky's benediction above :  
And we all are together lying  
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I — I am a part of the poem,  
Of its every sight and sound,  
For my heart beats inward rhymings  
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature !  
Oh, the light that is not of day !  
Why seek it afar for ever,  
When it cannot be lifted away ?

W. C. GANNETT.

BLUE HILL, May 21, 1871.

## LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on re-visiting the banks  
of the Wye during a tour, July 13th, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the  
length  
Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur. Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,  
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration : — feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,



In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened : — that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, —  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft —  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee !  
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when  
first  
I came among these hills ; when, like a roe,

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever Nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,  
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,  
My dear, dear friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear sister ! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee : and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these  
gleams  
Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together ; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
Unwearied in that service : rather say  
With warmer love, — oh ! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

## RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

A FEW short hours ago, and all the land  
Lay, as in fever, faint and parched with  
drought ;

And so had lain, while many a weary day  
Dragged the long horror of its minutes out.

The juiceless fruits fell from the dusty trees ;  
The farmer doubted if the Lord was good,  
As, sad, he watched the labor of his hands,  
Made useless by the Day-god's fiery mood.

The hot streets sickened in the burning glare ;  
The roadsides lost the glory of their green ;  
No second growth sprung up to glad the eye,  
Where once the mower with his scythe had been.

A few short hours ago ! And now, behold,  
Freshness and beauty gleam on every side ;  
The earth has drunk its fill, and all about  
The amber pools are stretching far and wide.

A million drops are flashing in the sun ;  
The springs far down the upper wonder know ;  
The farmer laughs, and little cares how fast  
Through his torn hat the cooling streamlets flow.

And all the fields and pastures seem to say,  
With joyous smile that I shall ne'er forget,  
And all the flowers and trees in chorus join,  
“ We knew 'twould come ; He never failed us  
yet.”

God of my life, as God of all beside,  
This lovely wonder, which thy hand hath  
wrought,  
Quickens in thought the mercies manifold  
Which thy great love into my soul hath brought.

For I have lain, full oft, as hot and dry  
As ever earth in summer's fiercest hour;  
And the long days, slow creeping over me,  
Brought me no tokens of thy gracious power.

Then, at thy word, down fell thy spirit rain ;  
I felt its coolness all my being through ;  
Made fresh and clean and joyous every whit,  
I heard the whisper, "I make all things new."

But mine, alas ! was not the holy faith  
The parched earth felt through all her thirsty  
hours ;  
I was in fear that never more again  
Should I be quickened by the heavenly powers.

So shall it be no more ; but, though I lie  
For many days as one thou dost forget,  
Recalling this glad hour, my heart shall say,  
"I know 'twill come ; He never failed me yet."

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

## THE FLY'S LECTURE.

ONCE on a time, when tempted to repine,  
In yon green nook I nursed a sullen theme,  
A fly lit near me, lovelier than a dream,  
With burnished plates of sight, and pennons fine :  
His wondrous beauty struck and fixt my view,  
As, ere he mingled with the shades of eve,  
With silent feet he trod the honey-dew,  
In that lone spot, where I had come to grieve :  
And still, whene'er the hour of sorrow brings,  
Once more, the humors and the doubts of grief,  
In my mind's eye, from that moist forest-leaf  
Once more I see the glorious insect rise !  
My faith is lifted on two gauzy wings,  
And served with light by two metallic eyes

CHARLES TURNER.

## EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked  
clown,  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one ;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.  
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ; —  
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Then I said, " I covet truth ;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth." —  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs ;  
I inhaled the violet's breath ;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,



Full of light and of deity ;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird ; —  
Beauty through my senses stole ;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

R. W. EMERSON.

## MORNING AND EVENING.



### MORNING.

“His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.”

LAM. iii. 22, 23.

**H**UES of the rich unfolding morn,  
That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible  
Around his path are taught to swell ;

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ; —

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
By which deep grove and tangled stream  
Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
Their tribute to the genial heaven ; —

Why waste your treasures of delight  
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;  
Who day by day to sin awake,  
Seldom of Heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise !  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of Heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask, and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise !  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;  
Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go : —  
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

### LUX ECCE SURGIT AUREA.

NOW with the rising, golden dawn,  
Let us, the children of the day,  
Cast off the darkness which so long  
Has led our guilty souls astray.

O may the morn, so pure, so clear,  
Its own sweet calm in us instil;  
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
Simplicity of word and will.

LYRA CATHOLICA.

WHEN I AWAKE, I AM STILL WITH THEE.

**S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning  
breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as, to each new-born morning,  
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,  
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

### V E S P E R S.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !  
We gather to thy breast,  
Whose love enfolding like the night  
Brings quietude and rest,  
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,  
In foretaste here possessed !

From aimless wanderings we come,  
From drifting to and fro ;  
The wave of being mingles deep  
Amid its ebb and flow ;  
The grander sweep of tides serene  
Our spirits yearn to know !

That which the garish day had lost,  
The twilight vigil brings,  
While softer the vesper bell  
Its silver cadence rings, —  
The sense of an immortal trust,  
The brush of angel wings !

Drop down behind the solemn hills,  
O Day, with golden skies!  
Serene above its fading glow,  
Night, starry crowned, arise !  
So beautiful may Heaven be,  
When Life's last sunbeam dies !

C. M. PACKARD.

### AN EVENING HYMN.

**L**ORD, should we oft forget to sing  
A thankful evening song of praise,  
This duty they to mind might bring  
Who chirp among the bushy sprays.  
For to their perches they retire,  
When first the twilight waxeth dim ;  
And every night that sweet-voiced choir  
Shuts up the daylight with a hymn.

Ten thousand-fold more cause have we  
To close each day with praiseful voice,  
To offer thankful hearts to Thee,  
And in Thy mercies to rejoice.  
Therefore for all Thy mercies past,  
For those this evening doth afford,  
And which for times to come Thou hast,  
We give Thee hearty thanks, O Lord !

GEORGE WITHER, 1588-1667.

## ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine :  
Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed ;  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet ;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head, —  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;  
All's well ! whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break !

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

## MIDNIGHT HYMN.

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,  
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers  
flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,  
And lay it down.



Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill,  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
    Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh, in spite of past and present care,  
Or any thing beside, how joyfully  
Passes that silent, solitary hour,  
    My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,  
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies  
    Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire  
Of all that it can give or take from me,  
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,  
    O God, but Thee.

ANON. *Found in a chest, in an English cottage*

## EVENING DEVOTION.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
    It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees ;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to Love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close,

With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought expressed !  
Only a sense of supplication,  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since, in me, round me, everywhere,  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

# LIFE AND DUTY.



## ODE TO DUTY.

**S**TERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
Long may the kindly impulse last !  
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to  
stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold,  
Even now, who, not unwisely hold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet find that other strength, according to their  
    need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I  
    may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we any thing so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face ;  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are  
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me  
live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EXTRACT FROM "ST. MATTHEW'S DAY."

THERE are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of the everlasting chime ;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

JOHN KEBLE.

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts  
control

That o'er thee swell and throng ;  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft, luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833

## "HE REMEMBERETH WE ARE DUST."

WHERE'ER her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go !  
The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
The sorrow with the woman born ;

What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
    And held the love within her mute ;  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
    A life-long discord and annoy,  
    Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
    Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events ;  
    But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
    That He remembereth we are dust !

J. G. WHITTIER, *from Snow-Bound.*

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
    Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
    I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
    Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoever estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side ;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee, —



More careful, — not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free ;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

FROM "MY SOUL AND I."

**K**NOW well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest ;  
Round Him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit ! wherefore strain  
Beyond thy sphere ? —  
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,  
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
All thou hast given ;  
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,  
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,  
All are in God's care ;  
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,  
And He is there.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness  
His own thy will,  
And with strength from Him shall thy utter  
weakness  
Life's task fulfil.

## THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

BEAUTY may be the path to highest good,  
And some successfully have it pursued.  
Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see  
That way prove not a curvèd road to thee.  
The straightest way perhaps which may be sought  
Lies through the great highway men call *I ought*.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK.

## SEMITA JUSTORUM.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,  
Seasons I see at which the Inward Ray  
More brightly burned, or guided some new way ;  
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,  
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.  
And next, I mark, 'twas trial did convey,  
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,  
To my tormented soul such larger grace.  
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel  
The shadow of the Providential Hand,  
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,  
Searching to know what He will now reveal,  
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,  
And girding me to work His full behest.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

## BEAUTY AND DUTY.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty ;  
I woke, — and found that life was duty.  
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie ?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously ;  
And thou shalt find thy dream shall be  
A noon-day light and truth to thee.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK.

## SONNET.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide, —  
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?”  
I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies : “God doth not need  
Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest :  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

JOHN MILTON.

## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O H, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost ;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease ;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God ! oh, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin !

F. W. FABER.

### MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides,  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides :  
But tasks in hours of insight will'd  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
Not till the hours of light return  
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT  
AVAILETH.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, — how slowly !  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

## THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

DEAR, secret greenness ! nurst below  
    Tempests and winds and winter nights !  
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow ;  
    That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright  
    Within itself, an outward test ?  
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,  
    Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
    At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;  
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch  
    Till the white-winged reapers come !

HENRY VAUGHAN.



# THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.



## SPINNING.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,  
I tread my days ;

I know that all the threads will run  
Appointed ways ;

I know each day will bring its task,  
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name  
Of that I spin ;

I only know that some one came,  
And laid within

My hand the thread, and said, "Since you  
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast  
And tangled fly,

I know wild storms are sweeping past,  
And fear that I

Shall fall ; but dare not try to find  
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure  
That tint and place,

In some great fabric to endure  
Past time and race

My threads will have ; so from the first,  
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung  
From one short word  
Said over me when I was young, —  
So young, I heard  
It, knowing not that God's name signed  
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign  
Within, without,  
It matters not. The bond divine  
I never doubt.  
I know He set me here, and still,  
And glad, and blind, I wait His will ;

But listen, listen, day by day,  
To hear their tread  
Who bear the finished web away,  
And cut the thread,  
And bring God's message in the sun,  
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

H. H.

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

WHAT we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear :  
Ah ! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts, — instincts rules ;  
Wise men are bad, — and good are fools ;  
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we, for assurance sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say : " It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here " ?

Ah, yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope,  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

## D A Y S.

D AUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

R. W. EMERSON.

## HUMAN LIFE.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,  
In current unperceived because so fleet ;  
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,  
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat ;  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,  
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet :  
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us  
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;  
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill ;

And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize  
them  
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or  
denies them.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know,  
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
 As we our course fulfil ;  
 Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
 And be above us still.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### MASON-LODGE.

. . . . .  
**T**HE Future hides in it  
 Gladness and sorrow ;  
 We press still thorow,  
 Nought that abides in it  
 Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us,  
 Veiled, the dark Portal,  
 Goal of all mortal : —  
 Stars silent rest o'er us,  
 Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,  
 Comes boding of terror,  
 Comes phantasm and error,  
 Perplexes the bravest  
 With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices, —  
 Heard are the Sages,  
 The Worlds and the Ages :  
 "Choose well, your choice is  
 Brief and yet endless ;

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you ;  
Work, and despair not."

J. W. VON GOETHE. *Trans. by* THOMAS CARLYLE.

## STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;  
Man by man was never seen ;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;  
Mind with mind did never meet ;  
We are columns, left alone,  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie ;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream ?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love  
    Melts the scattered stars of thought ;  
Only when we live above  
    What the dim-eyed world hath taught ;

Only when our souls are fed  
    By the Fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
    Which they never drew from earth ;

We, like parted drops of rain,  
    Swelling till they melt and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
    Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. CRANCH.

### THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church ; I like a cowl ;  
    I love a prophet of the soul ;  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles ;  
Yet not for all his faith could see  
Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;



Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old ;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below, —  
The canticles of love and woe ;  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew ; —  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone ;  
And Morning opes with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air ;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,

And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,  
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.  
The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.

. . . . .

R. W. EMERSON.

### “THALATTA!”

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

**I** STAND upon the summit of my years.  
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the  
strife,  
The wandering and the desert ; vast, afar,

Beyond this weary way, behold ! the Sea !  
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,  
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.  
Palter no question of the dim Beyond ;  
Cut loose the bark ; such voyage itself is rest ;  
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
A widening heaven, a current without care.  
Eternity ! — Deliverance, Promise, Course !  
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

BROWNLEE BROWN.

### QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
Fy each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered —  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides —  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last !

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

## INWARD STRIFE.



### IN THE FIELD.

**F**IGHTING the battle of life!  
With a weary heart and head;  
For in the midst of the strife  
The banners of joy are fled.

Fled, and gone out of sight,  
When I thought they were so near;  
And the music of hope, this night,  
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,  
With a very tired hand, —  
With only my armour strong —  
The shelter in which I stand.

Fighting alone to-night, —  
With not even a stander-by  
To cheer me on in the fight,  
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear —  
Only the Lord can see,  
The struggle within, how dark and drear,  
Though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still  
And quiet, behind my shield ;  
But make me to love thy will,  
For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust,  
And love of thy perfect will,  
Can raise me out of the dust,  
And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands —  
So doth my folded will  
Lie waiting thy commands,  
Without one anxious thrill.

But as with sudden pain  
My hands unfold, and clasp, —  
So doth my will start up again,  
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Lord, fix my eyes upon thee,  
And fill my heart with thy love ;  
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,  
And the light breaks forth above.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.

### ONLY ONE STEP.

VAINLY I strive through the darkness to see  
The path I must travel, 'tis hidden from me ;  
Halting, despairingly, kneeling, I say,  
“ Father, I cannot go ; there is no way.”

Lo ! as I kneel, at His feet humbly bowed,  
My pathway is shown through a break in the cloud, —  
No road stretching far, the horizon to meet,  
Only one step, lying close at my feet.

“ Place my feet in it, O Father above !  
Teach me to trust in Thy infinite love !  
The way that is hidden from me still Thou knowest ;  
Make me content with the step that Thou showest ! ”

THE OLIVE LEAF.

## UNDER THE CROSS.

I CANNOT, cannot say —  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart —  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on —  
“ Thy will, O God, be done.”

I cannot, in the wave  
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,  
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave  
With holy chrism ;  
And while the whelming rite goes on,  
Murmur, “ God's will be done.”

I thought, but yesterday,  
 My will was one with God's dear will ;  
 And that it would be sweet to say —  
     Whatever ill  
 My happy state should smite upon,  
     “ Thy will, my God, be done.”

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
 Under my cross — heavy and rude —  
 My idols in the ashes laid,  
     Like ashes strewed ;  
 The holy words my pale lips shun —  
     “ O God, thy will be done.”

Pity my woes, O God !  
 And touch my will with thy warm breath ;  
 Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
     That quickens death ;  
 That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
     And say, “ Thy will be done !”

JAN 1, 1862.

W. C. R.

### UNDER THE CLOUD.

O BEAUTEOUS things of earth !  
     I cannot feel your worth  
     To-day.

O kind and constant friend !  
 Our spirits cannot blend  
     To-day.



O Lord of truth and grace !  
I cannot see Thy face  
To-day.

A shadow on my heart  
Keeps me from all apart  
To-day.

Yet something in me knows  
How fair creation glows  
To-day.

And something makes me sure  
That love is not less pure  
To-day.

And that th' Eternal Good  
Minds nothing of my mood  
To-day.

For when the sun grows dark,  
A sacred, secret spark  
Shoots rays.

Fed from a hidden bowl,  
A lamp burns in my soul  
All days.

CHARLES G. AMES, 1869.

## NO MORE SEA.

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,  
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee ?  
What time our souls, to Thee for refuge fleeing,  
Long for the home where there is no more sea ?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,  
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,  
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and  
failing,  
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean  
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave ;  
When its wild billows, with their mad commotion,  
Would sweep us down — then only Thou canst  
save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted  
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,  
On whose bleak shore arriving — lone — benighted,  
We fall and lose ourselves at last — in Thee.

Yea ! in Thy life our little lives are ended,  
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall ;  
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,  
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us all !

ELIZA SCUDDER.

### DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone —  
Thou, who dost know thine own —  
Thou to whom all are known  
From the cradle to the grave, —  
Save, oh, save !

From the world's temptations,  
From tribulations ;  
From that fierce anguish  
Wherein we languish ;  
From that torpor deep  
Wherein we lie asleep,  
Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —  
Save, oh, save !

When the Soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer :  
When the Soul, mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher :  
But the arch-fiend Pride  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise,  
Sealing her eagle eyes,  
And, when she fain would soar,  
Makes idols to adore ;  
Changing the pure emotion  
Of her high devotion,  
To a skin-deep sense  
Of her own eloquence ;  
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave —  
Save, oh, save !

From the ingrained fashion  
Of this earthly nature  
That mars thy creature ;  
From grief, that is but passion ;  
From mirth, that is but feigning ;  
From tears, that bring no healing ;

From wild and weak complaining ;  
Thine old strength revealing,  
Save, oh, save !

From doubt, where all is double :  
Where wise men are not strong :  
Where comfort turns to trouble :  
Where just men suffer wrong :  
Where sorrow treads on joy :  
Where sweet things soonest cloy :  
Where faiths are built on dust :  
Where Love is half mistrust,  
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea ;  
Oh, set us free !

O let the false dream fly  
Where our sick souls do lie  
Tossing continually.  
O where thy voice doth come  
Let all doubts be dumb :  
Let all words be mild :  
All strifes be reconciled :  
All pains beguiled.  
Light bring no blindness ;  
Love no unkindness ;  
Knowledge no ruin ;  
Fear no undoing.  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Save, oh, save !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## DENIAL.

THE two best gifts in all the perfect world  
Lie in two close-shut hands ;  
The hands rest even on the outstretched knees  
Like those stone forms the wildered traveller sees  
In dreamy Eastern lands.

I reach to grasp : but lo ! that hand withdraws, —  
The other forward glides ;  
The silent gesture says : “ This is for thee,  
Take now and wait not ever, listlessly,  
For changing times and tides.”

I take — Thou canst not say I took it not !  
The record readeth fair.  
I take and use, and come again to crave,  
With weary hands and feet, but spirit brave —  
The same thing lieth there.

So many times ! ah me ! so many times !  
The same hand gives the gift ;  
And must I, till the evening shadows grow,  
Still kneel before an everlasting No,  
To see the other lift ?

I ask for bread ; Thou givest me a stone ;  
Oh give the other now !  
Thou knowest, Thou, the spirit's bitter need,  
The day grows sultry as I come to plead  
With dust on hand and brow.

Ah fool ! Is he not greater than thy heart ?  
His eyes are kindest still.  
And seeing all, He surely knoweth best ;  
Oh if no other, know the perfect rest  
Of yielding to His will.

Perchance — He knows — canst thou not trust  
His love ?  
For no expectant eyes  
Of something other, full of wild desire  
Can watch the burning of the altar fire  
Of daily sacrifice.

S T.

## CALL ON US.

**W**HEN the enemy is near thee,  
Call on us !  
In our hands we will upbear thee,  
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.  
Call on us !  
Call when all good friends have left thee,  
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee ;  
Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
And the brain is sick with thinking,  
Help, O help !  
Call, and following close behind thee  
There shall haste, and there shall find thee,  
Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,  
 When necessity seems on thee,  
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
 And but one way stands before thee —

Call on us !

O, and if thou dost not call,  
 Be but faithful, that is all.  
 Go right on, and close behind thee  
 There shall follow still and find thee,  
 Help, sure help.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1849.

“WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS,  
 NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING.”

IT fortifies my soul to know  
 That, though I perish, Truth is so :  
 That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
 I steadier step when I recall  
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### TRANQUILLITY.

O FEVERED eyes, with searching strained  
 Till both the parching globes are pained,  
 At set of sun is balm for you :  
 Look up, and bathe them in the blue.

No need to count the coming stars,  
Nor watch those wimpled pearly bars  
That flush above the west ; but follow  
In idler mood the idle swallow,  
With careless, half-unconscious eye,  
Round his great circles on the sky,  
Till he, and all things, lose for you  
Their being in that depth of blue.

O fevered brain, with searching strained  
Till every pulsing nerve is pained,  
In tranquil hours is balm for you :  
Vex not the thoughts with false and true ;  
Be still and bathe them in the blue.  
To every sad conviction throw  
This grim defiance : " Be it so ! "  
To doubts that will not let you sleep,  
This answer : " Wait ! the truth will keep."

Weary, and marred with care and pain  
And bruising days, the human brain  
Draws wounded inward, — it might be  
Some delicate creature of the sea,  
That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome,  
And coils its azure tendrils home,  
And folds its filmy curtains tight,  
At jarring contact, e'er so light.  
But let it float away all free,  
And feel the buoyant, supple sea



Among its tinted streamers swell,  
Again it spreads its gauzy rings,  
And, waving its wan fringes, swings  
With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

Think out, float out away from where  
The pressure of the trembling air  
Keeps down to earth the shrunken mind.  
Set free the smothered thought, and find,  
Beyond our world, a vaster place  
To thrill and vibrate out through space, —  
As some auroral banner streams  
Up through the night in widening gleams,  
And floats and flashes o'er our dreams ;  
There let the whirling planet fall  
Down — down, till but a vanishing ball,  
A misty gleam : and dwindled so,  
Thyself, thy world, no trace can show ;  
Too small to have a care or woe  
Or wish, apart from that one Will  
That doth His worlds with music fill.

S.

## IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

AWAY, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy !  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head,  
And leave the spirit dead.

Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skiey shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once, and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?  
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH, 1840.

## PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.



### LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,  
I hear it in the light, —  
Where *is* the voice that calls to me  
With such a quiet might?  
It seems but echo to my thought,  
And yet beyond the stars;  
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,  
And yet the planet jars!

O, may it be that far within  
My inmost soul there lies  
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with  
Those voices of surprise?  
And can it be, by night and day,  
That firmament serene  
Is just the heaven where God himself,  
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me  
That every thought is plain,  
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,  
And in thy heaven reign!

Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul !  
Thy words are sweet and strong ;  
They fill my inward silences  
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,  
And loud rebuke my ill ;  
They ring my bells of victory,  
They breathe my “ Peace, be still ! ”  
They ever seem to say — “ My child,  
Why seek me so all day ?  
Now journey inward to thyself,  
And listen by the way.”

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

### THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me ?  
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;  
And every blade of grass I see,  
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture  
drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?  
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,  
And every hill and tree  
Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
Come, gently as Thy holy dove ;  
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,  
When Thy storms come, though fierce may be  
    their wrath ;  
But bow with leafy stem,  
And strengthened follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me ;  
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,  
    As when, from sin set free,  
My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY.

### WHOM BUT THEE.

FROM past regret and present faithlessness —  
From the deep shadow of foreseen distress —  
And from the nameless weariness that grows  
    As life's long day seems wearing to its close —

Thou Life within my life, than self more near !  
Thou veiled Presence infinitely dear !  
From all illusive shows of sense I flee  
    To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,  
Through thickest glooms I see Thy light arise,  
Above the highest heavens Thou art not found  
    More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise  
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies !  
Take part with me against this self that dares  
    Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How can I call Thee who art always here —  
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear —  
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given —  
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven ?

ELIZA SCUDDER.

### THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home —

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

## QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see  
and feel, .

But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,  
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;  
Chastised each rebel self-centred thought,  
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;  
Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind  
Can see Thee as Thou art ? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold,  
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,  
It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
In ways unworthy Thee ;

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive, .  
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;  
And if in work its life it seem to live,  
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,  
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall  
part,  
And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
In recognition start.

But, as Thou wilt, give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,  
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

### FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;  
For we are weak and need some deep revealing  
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and  
sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an onward one ;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,  
Or we despair, oh ! may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father — now, in thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;  
Now make us strong — we need thy deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



A BIRTH-DAY PRAYER.

ART Thou the Life?  
To Thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,  
And wait Thy ordering of the hour of death,  
In peace or strife.

Art Thou the Light?  
To Thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,  
Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,  
I lift my sight.

Art Thou the Truth?  
To Thee, then, loved and craved and sought of yore,  
I consecrate my manhood o'er and o'er,  
As once my youth.

Art Thou the Strong?  
To Thee, then, though the air is thick with night,  
I trust the seeming-unprotected Right,  
And leave the Wrong.

Art Thou the Wise?  
To Thee, then, do I bring each useless care,  
And bid my soul unsay her idle prayer,  
And hush her cries.

Art Thou the Good?  
To Thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,  
And stand, and at Thy fountain hold my urn,  
As aye I stood.

Forgive the call !  
I cannot shut Thee from my sense or soul,  
I cannot lose me in the boundless whole, —  
For Thou art All !

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

### PRAYER.

AT first I prayed for sight ;  
Could I but see the way,  
How gladly would I walk  
To everlasting day.  
I asked the world's deep love,  
Before my eyes to ope,  
And let me see my prayers fulfilled,  
And realized, my hope ;  
But God was kinder than my prayer,  
And mystery veiled me, everywhere.

And next, I prayed for strength,  
That I might tread the road  
With firm, unfaltering pace,  
To Heaven's serene abode.  
That I might never know  
A faltering, failing heart ;  
But manfully go on,  
And reach the highest part.  
But God was kinder than my prayer,  
And weakness checked me everywhere.

And then, I asked for faith ;  
    Could I but trust my God,  
I'd live in heavenly peace,  
    Though foes were all abroad.  
His light, thus shining round,  
    No faltering should I know ;  
And faith in heaven above  
    Would make a heaven below ;  
But God was kinder than my prayer,  
And doubts beset me everywhere.

And now I pray for love,  
    Deep love to God and man ;  
A love that will not fail,  
    However dark His plan.  
That sees all life in Him,  
    Rejoicing in His power ;  
And faithful, though the darkest clouds  
    Of gloom and doubt may lower.  
And God was kinder than my prayer,  
Love filled, and blessed me, everywhere.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

### FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

**I**N calm and cool and silence, once again  
I find my old accustomed place among  
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue  
Shall utter words ; where never hymn is sung,  
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,

Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane !  
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear ;  
Read in my heart a still diviner law  
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw !  
There let me strive with each besetting sin,  
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain  
The sore disquiet of a restless brain ;  
And, as the path of duty is made plain,  
May grace be given that I may walk therein,  
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,  
With backward glances and reluctant tread,  
Making a merit of his coward dread, —  
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,  
Walking as one to pleasant service led ;  
Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone !

J. G. WHITTIER.

*“ Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit ? or whither  
shall I flee from Thy presence ? ”*

**I** CANNOT find Thee ! Still on restless pinion  
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell ;  
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,  
And shrink beneath Thy Light ineffable.

I cannot know Thee ! Even when most adoring  
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer ;  
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,  
From furthest quest comes back ; Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,  
And folded far within the inmost heart,  
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,  
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God, Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding  
The End is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;  
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,  
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

# TRUST AND PEACE.



## LOOKING UNTO GOD.

“God’s hand in all things, and all things in God’s hand.”

I LOOK to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain ;  
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,  
And all is well again :  
The thought of Thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road ; —  
But let me only think of Thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still ;  
Around me flows Thy quickening life,  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy presence fills my solitude ;  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,  
Held in Thy law, I stand ;

Thy hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in Thy hand ;  
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,  
And turnest my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

### GRATEFULNESSE.

THOU that hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.

. . . . .

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me,  
As if thy blessings had spare dayes :  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### THE SON.

FATHER, I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand  
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,  
A listening servant, waiting Thy command  
To roll rejoicing on its silent way ;  
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,  
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;  
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,  
Then every drop speeds downward at Thy call ;

The bird reposes on the yielding bough,  
 With breast unswollen by the tide of song ;  
 So does my spirit wait Thy presence now  
 To pour Thy praise in quickening life along,  
 Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep,  
 While round the Unuttered Word and Love their  
     vigils keep.

JONES VERY.

### ALL'S WELL.

PROPHETIC Hope, thy fine discourse  
     Foretold not half life's good to me ;  
 Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force  
     To show how sweet it is to be !  
         Thy witching dream  
         And pictured scheme  
 To match the fact still want the power ;  
     Thy promise brave  
     From birth to grave  
 Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive, — 'tis sweetly said ;  
     Yet what to plead for know I not ;  
 For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,  
     And aye to thanks returns my thought.  
         If I would pray,  
         I've naught to say  
 But this, that God may be God still,  
     For Him to live  
     Is still to give,  
 And sweeter than my wish His will.



O wealth of life beyond all bound !  
Eternity each moment given !  
What plummet may the Present sound ?  
Who promises a *future* heaven ?  
Or glad, or grieved,  
Oppressed, relieved,  
In blackest night, or brightest day,  
Still pours the flood  
Of golden good,  
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

My wealth is common ; I possess  
No petty province, but the whole ;  
What's mine alone is mine far less  
Than treasure shared by every soul.  
Talk not of store,  
Millions or more, —  
Of values which the purse may hold, —  
But this divine !  
I own the mine  
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,  
In every beam that fills the day ;  
All hearts of men my coffers are,  
My ores arterial tides convey ;  
The fields, the skies,  
The sweet replies  
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust, —  
The oaks, the brooks,  
And speaking looks  
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow  
For him who lives above all years,  
Who all-immortal makes the Now,  
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears ;  
His life's a hymn  
The seraphim  
Might hark to hear or help to sing,  
And to his soul  
The boundless whole  
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith ;  
"The wealth I am, must thou become ;  
Richer and richer, breath by breath, —  
Immortal gain, immortal room !"  
And since all his  
Mine also is,  
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,  
And drowns the dream  
In larger stream,  
As morning drinks the morning-star.

DAVID A. WASSON, 1856.

### BLEST BE THY LOVE.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself.  
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope !  
We to Thy mercy fly ;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign ;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee ;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

### SACRED JOY.

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring,  
Whose diet is divine and fair,  
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,  
And tramples on doubts and despair ?

Sure, holyness the magnet is,  
And love the lure that woos thee down ;  
Which makes the high transcendent bliss  
Of knowing thee, so rarely known !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

BE thou content ; be still before  
His face, at whose right hand doth reign  
Fulness of joy for evermore,

Without whom all thy toil is vain.  
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays  
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.  
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,  
And changeless love beyond our thought ;  
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
If He is there, shall harm thee not.  
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears, nay, death is in His hands.  
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?  
God careth for thee, lonely one,  
Comfort and help will He provide.  
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief ;  
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,  
Thy secret sighs He hears full well,  
What to none else thou darest disclose,  
To Him thou mayest with boldness tell ;

He is not far away, but ever nigh,  
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.  
Be thou content.

Be not o'ermastered by thy pain,  
But cling to God, thou shalt not fall ;  
The floods sweep over thee in vain,  
Thou yet shalt rise above them all ;  
For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,  
Lo ! God, thy King, hath granted all thy prayer :  
Be thou content.

Why art thou full of anxious fear  
How thou shalt be sustained and fed ?  
He who hath made and placed thee here,  
Will give thee needful daily bread ;  
Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous hand,  
Who feeds all living things on sea and land ?  
Be thou content.

He who doth teach the little birds  
To find their meat in field and wood,  
Who gives the countless flocks and herds  
Each day, their needful drink and food,  
Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,  
And all thy wants in His good time supply.  
Be thou content.

Sayst thou, I know not how or where,  
No help I see where'er I turn ;  
When of all else we most despair,  
The riches of God's love we learn ;

When thou and I His hand no longer trace,  
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.

Be thou content.

Though long His promised aid delay,

At last it will be surely sent :

Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,

The trial for thy good is meant.

What we have won with pains we hold more fast,  
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.

Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill

Thy foes may falsely speak of thee,

Let man defame thee as he will,

God hears, and judges righteously.

Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,  
Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride ?

Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,

When God will give us sweet release

From earth and all our mortal chains,

And turn our sufferings into peace.

Sooner or later death will surely come

To end our sorrows, and to take us home.

Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here

Served their Lord faithfully and well,

Who died in peace, without a fear,

And there in peace for ever dwell ;

The Everlasting is their joy and stay,  
The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,  
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1670.

### AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,  
For silence, and for sleep ;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast and prayed,  
And sank to slumbers deep :  
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,  
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp  
Shows how the vessel reels :  
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp,  
With every shock she feels,  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies ;  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go  
With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God ! O lamp of peace !  
O promise of my soul ! —  
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,  
Amid the roar of smiting seas,  
The ship's convulsive roll,  
I own, with love and tender awe,  
Yon perfect type of faith and law !

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
My soul is filled with light :  
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,  
The wild winds chant : I cross my palms,  
Happy as if, to-night,  
Under the cottage-roof, again  
I heard the soothing summer-rain.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
Beneath a tender rain,  
An April rain of smiles and tears,  
My heart is young again.  
The west winds blow, and, singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run ;  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.  
No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear ;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.



I plough no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare ;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, — I lay  
Aside the toiling oar ;  
The angel sought so far away  
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
Through fringed lids to heaven,  
And the pale aster in the brook  
Shall see its image given ; —

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
The south wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
Rebuke an age of wrong ;  
The graven flowers that wreath the sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —  
To build as to destroy ;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ; —  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ; —

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ; —

That death seems but a covered way,  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ; —

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ; —

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## UNSEEN.

HOW do the rivulets find their way?  
How do the flowers know the day,  
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,  
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;  
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,  
And the stars through the pathless spaces ride;  
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is Eyes for All who is eyes for the mole;  
All motion goes to the rightful goal;  
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

CHARLES G. AMES.

BY THE AMMONOOSUC, 1862.

## FROM "THE MEETING."

SO sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.

The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts ;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer : —  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt,  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

J. G. WHITTIER.

*“The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore  
will I hope in Him.” — LAM. iii. 24.*

MY heart is resting, O my God, —  
I will give thanks and sing ;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill —  
For the waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.  
I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise —  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth,  
To long-loved music set —  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known —  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest —  
A calm assurance for to-day  
That to be poor is best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,  
That waits all day on Thee,  
With the service of a watchful heart  
Which no one else can see —  
The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

ANNA L. WARING.

### SEEN AND UNSEEN.

THE wind ahead, the billows high,  
A whited wave, but sable sky,  
And many a league of tossing sea  
Between the hearts I love and me.

The wind ahead ! day after day  
These weary words the sailors say ;  
To weeks the days are lengthened now, —  
Still mounts the surge to meet our prow.

Through longing day and lingering night,  
I still accuse Time's lagging flight,  
Or gaze out o'er the envious sea,  
That keeps the hearts I love from me.

Yet, ah ! how shallow is all grief !  
How instant is the deep relief !  
And what a hypocrite am I,  
To feign forlorn, to 'plain and sigh !

The wind ahead ? The wind is free !  
For evermore it favo'reth me, —  
To shores of God still blowing fair,  
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

This surging brine *I* do not sail ;  
This blast adverse is not my gale ;  
'Tis here I only seem to be,  
But really sail another sea, —

Another sea, pure sky its waves,  
Whose beauty hides no heaving graves ;  
A sea all haven, whereupon  
No helpless bark to wreck hath gone.

The winds that o'er my ocean run  
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun ;  
Through life and death, through fate, through time,  
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

Eternal trades, they cannot veer,  
And, blowing, teach us how to steer ;  
And well for him whose joy, whose care,  
Is but to keep before them fair.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine !  
Spread canvas to the airs divine !  
Spread sail ! and let thy Fortune be  
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

For Destiny pursues us well,  
By sea, by land, through heaven or hell ;  
It suffers Death alone to die,  
Bids Life all change and chance defy.

Would earth's dark ocean suck thee down ?  
Earth's ocean thou, O Life ! shalt drown ;  
Shalt flood it with thy finer wave,  
And, sepulchred, entomb thy grave !

Life loveth life and good ; then trust  
What most the spirit would, it must ;  
Deep wishes, in the heart that be,  
Are blossoms of Necessity.

A thread of Law runs through thy prayer,  
Stronger than iron cables are ;  
And Love and Longing toward her goal  
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail,  
And Unseen over Seen prevail ;  
And all God's argosies come to shore,  
Let ocean smile, or rage or roar.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark  
 With snowy wake still nears her mark ;  
 Cheerly the trades of being blow,  
 And sweeping down the wind I go.

DAVID A. WASSON.

### LETTERS.

EVERY day brings a ship,  
     Every ship brings a word ;  
 Well for those who have no fear,  
 Looking seaward well assured  
 That the word the vessel brings  
 Is the word they wish to hear.

R. W. EMERSON.

### HIDDEN LIFE.

SINCE Eden, it keeps the secret !  
     Not a flower beside it knows  
 To distil from the day the fragrance  
     And beauty that flood the rose.

Silently speeds the secret  
     From the loving eye of the sun  
 To the willing heart of the flower :  
     The life of the twain is one.

Folded within my being,  
     A wonder to me is taught,  
 Too deep for curious seeing,  
     Or fathom of sounding thought.



Of all sweet mysteries holiest !  
Faded are rose and sun !  
The Highest hides in the lowliest :  
My Father and I are one.

CHARLES G. AMES, 1864.

## THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

THE Lord is in His Holy Place,  
In all things near and far,  
Shekinah of the snow-flake, He,  
And Glory of the star,  
And Secret of the April-land  
That stirs the field to flowers,  
Whose little tabernacles rise  
To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love  
Of those that we love best ;  
The smiles and tones that make our homes  
Are shrines by Him possessed.  
He tents within the lonely heart  
And shepherds every thought ;  
We find Him not by seeking long,  
We lose Him not unsought.

So, though we build a Holy Place  
To be our Sinai-stand,  
The Holiest of Holies still  
Is never made by hand.

Our Sinai needs the listening ear,  
Our Garden needs the vow :  
“Thy will be done” — and lo ! Thy voice,  
Thy vision as we bow !

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

### RECONCILED.

O YEARS, gone down into the past ;  
What pleasant memories come to me,  
Of your untroubled days of peace,  
And hours almost of ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still,  
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie ;  
Nor wheel the planet of the day  
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,  
My youth itself went with them, too ;  
To-day, ay ! even this very hour,  
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me  
More blessings than in days gone by ;  
Dropping in my uplifted hands  
All things for which I blindly cry :

But that His plans and purposes  
Have grown to me less strange and dim ;  
And where I cannot understand,  
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,  
This have I truly learned to say, —  
The prayers, I thought unanswered once,  
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some dearly cherished hopes  
Perished untimely ere their birth,  
Yet have I been beloved and blessed  
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief  
For moments I have come to stand  
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,  
I felt a loving Father's hand.

And I have learned, the weakest ones  
Are kept securest from life's harms ;  
And that the tender lambs alone  
Are carried in the shepherd's arms —

And, sitting by the way-side blind,  
He is the nearest to the light,  
Who crieth out most earnestly,  
“ Lord, that I might receive my sight ! ”

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,  
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,  
What care I, while my soul can mount,  
As the young eagle mounts the skies !

O eyes, with weeping faded out,  
What matters it how dim ye be ?  
My inner vision sweeps untired  
The reaches of eternity !

O death, most dreaded power of all,  
When the last moment comes, and thou  
Darkenest the windows of my soul,  
Through which I look on Nature now ;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,  
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed ?  
My house eternal in the heavens  
Is lighted by the smile of God !

PHÆBE CARY.

### A SONG OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, of all that is  
The sweetest still and best,  
Fain would I come and rest to-night  
Upon Thy tender breast ;

As tired of sin as any child  
Was ever tired of play,  
When evening's hush has folded in  
The noises of the day ;

When just for very weariness  
The little one will creep  
Into the arms that have no joy  
Like holding him in sleep ;

And looking upward to Thy face,  
So gentle, sweet, and strong,  
In all its looks for those who love,  
So pitiful of wrong,

I pray Thee turn me not away,  
For, sinful though I be,  
Thou knowest every thing I need  
And all my need of Thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart  
Says, Wherefore should I pray  
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,  
Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until  
I urge my steps to Thee;  
But in the darkness of my life  
Art coming still to me.

I pray not, then, because I would;  
I pray because I must;  
There is no meaning in my prayer  
But thankfulness and trust.

I would not have Thee otherwise  
Than what Thou ever art;  
Be still Thyself, and then I know  
We cannot live apart.

But still Thy love will beckon me  
And still Thy strength will come,  
In many ways, to bear me up  
And bring me to my home.

And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,  
And not the words I say;  
Wilt hear the thanks among the words  
That only seem to pray;

As if Thou wert not always good,  
 As if Thy loving care  
 Could ever miss me in the midst  
 Of this Thy temple fair.

For, if I ever doubted Thee,  
 How could I any more !  
 This very night my tossing bark  
 Has reached the happy shore ;

And still, for all my sighs, my heart  
 Has sung itself to rest,  
 O Love Divine, most far and near,  
 Upon Thy tender breast.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

AH, me ! we doubt the shining skies  
 Seen through our shadows of offence,  
 And drown with our poor childish cries  
 The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
 And of the just effect complain ;  
 We tread upon life's broken laws,  
 And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn us from the light, and find  
 Our spectral shapes before us thrown,  
 As they who leave the sun behind  
 Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

. . . . .

Oh, Love Divine ! — whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,  
Wide as our needs thy favors fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### CHEARFULNESS.

L ORD, with what courage and delight  
I doe each thing,  
When thy least breath sustaines my wing !  
I shine and move  
Like those above,  
And, with much gladnesse  
Quitting sadnesse,  
Make me faire dayes of every night.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A soundless, shoreless sea !  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us, safe and slow,  
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,  
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone Thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win :  
We know Thee by a dearer name,  
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to Thee !



## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within ;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin :

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings ;  
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above ;  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove :  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

. . . . .

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## HYMN FOR THE MOTHER.

MY child is lying on my knees ;  
The signs of heaven she reads ;  
My face is all the heaven she sees,  
Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,  
- If heaven is in my face, —  
Behind it is all tenderness  
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,  
Unchanged in changing mood ;  
My life would go without a sigh  
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I  
Am ignorant and weak ;  
I gaze upon the starry sky,  
And then I must not speak ;

For all behind the starry sky,  
Behind the world so broad,  
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie  
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore,  
I cannot choose but be,  
Thou who art peace for evermore,  
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring  
More love where need is rife ;  
*Thou* knowest what an awful thing  
It is to be a life.

Hast Thou not wisdom to enwrap  
My waywardness about,  
In doubting safety on the lap  
Of Love that knows no doubt ?

Lo ! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,  
My child upon my knee ;  
She looketh up unto my face,  
And I look up to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### THE WILL OF GOD.

**I** WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God !  
And all thy ways adore,  
And, every day I live, I seem  
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,  
My heart is ever gay ;  
I run no risk, for, come what will,  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !  
For all my cares are thine ;  
I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gaily waits on thee.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost ;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet Will !

F. W. FABER.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

LIII.

O, YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold ! we know not any thing ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last, — far off, — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
An infant crying in the night :  
An infant crying for the light :  
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms of the eye  
That smarted for a day :  
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendors of the sky  
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door  
That promises release :  
No solitude so drear but yields its store  
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun  
With love and power untold :  
No time so dark but through its woof there run  
Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries burn,  
In changing calm and strife,  
The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn —  
The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme — O Providence divine !  
What self-adjusting springs  
Of law and life — what even scales are thine :  
What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds away  
When chilling autumn blows,  
But come again, long ere the buds of May  
Their rosy lips unclose !

What wondrous play of mood and accident,  
Through shifting days and years !  
What fresh returns of vigor over-spent  
In feverish dreams and fears !

What wholesome air of conscience and of thought,  
When doubts and forms oppress :  
What vistas opening through the gates we sought  
Beyond the wilderness —

Beyond the narrow cells where, self-involved,  
Like chrysalids we wait  
The unknown births, the mysteries unsolved  
Of death and change and fate !

O Light Divine ! we need no fuller test  
That all is ordered well.  
We know enough to trust that all is best  
Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

C. P. CRANCH.



## SUBMISSION.

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“Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts : all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.”

PSALM xlii. 7, 8.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away, —  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,  
In weakness and distress :  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less ;  
O, 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need Thy tenderness.

Thy love has many a lighted path,  
No outward eye can trace,  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,  
As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength,  
With passive trust I stay,  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
The darkness shines like day.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be —  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see ;  
And, oh, it is not hard to bear,  
What must be borne in Thee.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore —  
Borne onward — sin and death behind,  
And love and life before —  
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say —  
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away ;  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.

ANNA L. WARING.

## JOY AFTER SORROW.

COMETH sunshine after rain,  
After mourning, joy again,  
After heavy bitter grief  
Dawneth surely sweet relief;  
And my soul, who from her height  
Sank to realms of woe and night,  
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,  
None was ever turned away,  
Who had given himself to God,  
And on Him had cast his load.  
Who in God his hope hath placed  
Shall not life in pain outwaste,  
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil  
All thy hopes, have patience still,  
For perchance to-morrow's sun  
Sees thy happier days begun;  
As God willeth, march the hours,  
Bringing joy at last in showers,  
When whate'er we asked is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart,  
That the Eternal Father's heart  
Hath appointed me of yore,  
Or hath yet for me in store,

As my life flows on, I'll take  
Calmly, gladly, for His sake,  
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,  
I will greet e'en Death's dark reign,  
I will lay me in the grave,  
With a heart still glad and brave ;  
Whom the Strongest doth defend,  
Whom the Highest counts His friend,  
Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1606-1676.

*"I, even I, am He that comforteth you."* — ISA. ii. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,  
My Heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
And will not turn away ;  
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,  
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,  
I hush my hastened breath,  
To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving Spirit saith :  
And feel my safety in Thy hand  
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world  
To weigh against Thy will ;  
Even the dark times I dread the most  
Thy covenant fulfil ;  
And when the pleasant morning dawns  
I find Thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,  
Though hosts my peace invade,  
Though through a waste and weary land  
My lonely way be made,  
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me —  
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place  
I would awhile abide,  
Till with the solace of Thy love  
My heart is satisfied ;  
And all my hopes of happiness  
Stay calmly at Thy side.

ANNA L. WARING.

## SONNET.

**M**OURNER, that dost deserve thy mournfulness,  
 Call thyself punished, call the earth thy hell ;  
 Say, "God is angry, and I earned it well ;  
 I would not have Him smile and not redress."  
 Say this, and straightway all thy grief grows less.  
 "God rules at least, I find, as prophets tell,  
 And proves it in this prison." Straight thy cell  
 Smiles with an unsuspected loveliness.  
 — "A prison, — and yet from door and window-bar  
 I catch a thousand breaths of His sweet air ;  
 Even to me, His days and nights are fair ;  
 He shows me many a flower, and many a star ;  
 And though I mourn, and He is very far,  
 He does not kill the hope that reaches there."

ANON. *From "Adela Cathcart."*

## A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

Written during ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille.

**A** LITTLE bird I am,  
 Shut from the fields of air ;  
 And in my cage I sit and sing  
 To Him who placed me there ;  
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
 Because, my God, it pleases Thee !

Naught have I else to do ;  
I sing the whole day long ;  
And He whom most I love to please  
Doth listen to my song ;  
He caught and bound my wandering wing,  
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,  
A heart to love and bless ;  
And though my notes were e'er so rude,  
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;  
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,  
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round ;  
Abroad I cannot fly ;  
But though my wing is closely bound,  
My heart's at liberty ;  
My prison walls cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O, it is good to soar  
These bolts and bars above,  
To Him whose purpose I adore,  
Whose providence I love ;  
And in Thy mighty will to find  
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

## THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame ;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled —  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away —  
O ! sweet, fond dream of human Love !  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known —  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own !

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death ;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan ;  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man !



And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

R A B I A. \*

ROUND holy Rabia's suffering bed  
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely —  
“Daughter of God !” the youngest said,  
“Endure thy Father's chastening bravely ;  
They who have steeped their souls in prayer,  
Can every anguish calmly bear.”

She answered not, and turned aside,  
Though not reproachfully nor sadly ;  
“Daughter of God !” the eldest cried,  
“Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly ;  
They who have learned to pray aright,  
From pain's dark well draw up delight.”

Then spake she out, — “Your words are fair ;  
But, oh, the truth lies deeper still ;

\* A holy Arabian woman, who lived in the second century of the Hegira.

I know not, when absorbed in prayer,  
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill ;  
They who God's face can understand,  
Feel not the workings of His hand."

*From "Palm Leaves," by LORD HOUGHTON.*

## MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent  
To break my dream of human power ;  
For now my shallow cistern's spent,  
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still ;  
Behold Thy face, and doubts remove ;  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
To perfect Truth, and boundless Love ?

That Love this restless soul doth teach  
The strength of Thine eternal calm ;  
And tune its sad and broken speech,  
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in Thy hands,  
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,  
To service of Thy pure commands,  
The narrow way to Love and Power !

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,  
We need not shun our daily task,  
And hide ourselves for calm ;  
The herbs we seek to heal our woe  
Familiar by our pathway grow,  
Our common air is balm.

JOHN KEBLE.

## REST.

I LAY me down to sleep,  
With little thought or care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now ;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong — all that is past ;  
I am ready not to do  
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,  
And this is all my part ;  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all its blue be dim ;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after Him.

ANON.

## LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

SINCE in a land not barren still,  
Because thou dost thy grace distill,  
My lot is fallen, blest be thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill  
Some tares in me which choke or spill  
That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill !

Blest be thy dew, and blest thy frost,  
And happy I to be so crost,  
And cured by crosses at thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distress,  
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,  
In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus, while thy several mercies plot,  
And work on me now cold, now hot,  
The work goes on, and slacketh not :

For as thy hand the weather steers,  
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,  
And all the year have some green ears.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621-1695.

### PEACE IN TROUBLE.

WHAT within me and without,  
Hourly on my spirit weighs,  
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,  
Darkening all my weary days :  
In it I behold Thy will,  
God, who givest rest and peace,  
And my heart is calm and still,  
Waiting till Thou send release.

When my trials tarry long,  
Unto Thee I look and wait,  
Knowing none, though keen and strong,  
Can my faith in Thee abate.  
O my soul, why art thou vexed ?  
Let things go e'en as they will ;  
Though to thee they seem perplexed,  
Yet His order they fulfil.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,  
Letting life float calmly on,  
For I know the last is best,  
When the crown of joy is won.

In Thy might all things I bear,  
In Thy love find bitter sweet,  
And, with all my grief and care,  
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread  
O'er me, keep me close to Thee ;  
In the peace Thy love doth shed,  
Let me dwell eternally.

Be my All ; in all I do  
Let me only seek Thy will ;  
Where the heart to Thee is true,  
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. FRANCKE, 1663-1727.

## R E S T.

**I**T was Thy will, my Father,  
That laid Thy servant low ;  
It was Thy hand, my Father,  
That dealt the chastening blow ;  
It was Thy mercy bid me rest  
My weary soul awhile,  
And every blessing I receive  
Reflects Thy gracious smile.

It is Thy care, my Father,  
That cherishes me now ;  
It is Thy peace, my Father,  
That rests upon my brow ;

It is Thy truth, Thy truth alone,  
That gives my spirit rest,  
And soothes me like a happy child  
Upon its mother's breast.

I have known youth, my Father,  
Bright as a summer's day,  
And earthly love, my Father,  
But that too passed away ;  
Now life's small taper faintly burns,  
A little flickering flame,  
But Thine eternal love remains  
Unchangeably the same.

EUPHEMIA SAXBY.

### HYMN FOR SICKNESS.

GOD! whom I as love have known,  
Thou hast sickness laid on me,  
And these pains are sent of Thee,  
Under which I burn and moan ;  
All that plagues my body now,  
All that wasteth me away,  
Pressing on me night and day,  
Love ordains, for Love art Thou !  
  
Suffering is the work now sent ;  
Nothing can I do but lie  
Suffering as the hours go by ;  
All my powers to this are bent.

Suffering is my gain ; I bow  
To my heavenly Father's will,  
And receive it hushed and still ;  
Suffering is my worship now.

Let my soul beneath her load  
Faint not, through the o'erwearied flesh ;  
Let her hourly drink afresh  
Love and peace from Thee, my God.  
Let the body's pain and smart  
Hinder not her flight to Thee,  
Nor the calm Thou givest me ;  
Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,  
Make me to Thy will resigned,  
With a quiet, humble mind,  
Cheerful on my bed of pain.  
Wholly Thine — my faith is sure,  
Whether life or death be mine,  
I am safe if I am Thine ;  
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

RICHTER, 1713.

### THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands  
My feeble spirit I commit,  
While wandering in these Border-Lands,  
Until Thy voice shall summon it.



Father, I would not dare to choose  
A longer life, an earlier death ;  
I know not what my soul might lose  
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,  
And solemn are their silent shades ;  
And my heart welcomes them, until  
The light of life's long evening fades.

I hear them spoken of with dread,  
As fearful and unquiet places ;  
Shades, where the living and the dead  
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,  
And I have seen the Border-Land ;  
Seen the dark river flowing near,  
Stood on its brink, as now I stand ;

There has been nothing to alarm  
My trembling soul ; how could I fear  
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?  
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place  
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?  
When I may almost see Thy face —  
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

## STARLIGHT.

DARKLING, methinks, the path of life is grown,  
And Solitude and Sorrow close around ;  
My fellow-travellers one by one are gone,  
Their home is reached, but mine must still be found.  
The sun that set as the last bowed his head  
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,  
Has left the world devoid of all that made  
Its business, pleasure, happiness, and grace.  
But I have still the desert path to trace ;  
Not with the day has my day's work an end ;  
And winds and shadows through the cold air chase,  
And earth looks dark where walked we, friend with  
friend.

And yet thus wildered, not without a guide,  
I wander on amid the shades of night ;  
My home-fires gleam, methinks, and round them glide  
My friends at peace, far off, but still in sight ;  
For through the closing gloom mine eyesight goes  
Further in heaven than when the day was bright ;  
And there, as Earth still dark and darker grows,  
Shines out, for every shade, a world of light.

MRS. ARTHUR CLIVE.

# DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.



## PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

THEY passed away from sight and hand,  
A slow, successive train :  
To memory's heart, a gathered band,  
Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time  
The mortal path to tread :  
They walk in their appointed clime,  
The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave,  
With eyes as wet as dim ;  
Confiding in His power to save,  
For all do live to Him.

Beyond all we can know or think,  
Beyond the earth and sky,  
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,  
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,  
Death does not disallow :  
We prayed for them while here they stayed,  
And what shall hinder now ?

Our Father ! give them perfect day,  
And portions with the blest ;  
Oh, pity, if they went astray,  
And pardon for the best !

As they may need, still deign to bring  
The helping of thy grace,  
The shadow of thy guardian wing,  
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below,  
Be boundless joy and peace ;  
For all their love, a heavenly glow  
That nevermore shall cease.

O Lord of Souls ! when ours shall part,  
To try the farther birth,  
Let Faith go journeying with the heart  
To those we loved on earth.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

## FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

### XCII.

**H**OW pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except, like them, thou too canst say  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates  
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me !  
I sit in darkness, and behold no light !  
Over my heart the waves of agony  
Have gone, and left me faint ! Forbear to smite  
A bruised and broken reed ! Sustain, sustain,  
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly ;  
Let me not fly in vain !  
Support me with Thy love, or else I die !  
Whate'er I had was Thine !  
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been ;  
Assist me to resign,  
And if I murmur, count it not for sin !

How rich I *was*, I dare not — dare not think ;  
 How poor I am, Thou knowest, who can see  
 Into my soul's unfathomed misery ;

Forgive me if I shrink !

Forgive me if I shed these human tears,  
 That it so hard appears

To yield my will to Thine, forgive, forgive !

Father, it is a bitter cup to drink !

. . . . .

My soul is strengthened ! it shall bear

My lot, whatever it may be ;

And from the depths of my despair,

I will look up and trust in Thee !

MARY HOWITT.

### TO A FRIEND.

SAD soul, whom God, resuming what He gave,  
 Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb,  
 Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,  
 And strain thy aching sight across the gloom.  
 The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave  
 Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind  
 Than thy storm-tost and heavy-swelling mind  
 Grasp the full import of His means to save.  
 Through the dark night lie still ; God's faithful grace  
 Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea.  
 Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars,  
 Down to the level ocean patiently ;  
 Till His loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars,  
 And His full glory shine upon thy face.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

*Addressed to a Friend, after the Loss of  
a Child.*

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,  
And tender sympathy upburst,  
A little spring from memory welled,  
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you  
A portion of its mild relief,  
That it might be as healing dew,  
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath  
Up to the Father took its way,  
And on our home the shade of death  
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep  
Her little spirit's swift remove,  
The story of the Alpine sheep  
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
And when the sod grows brown and bare,  
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green  
That hang along the mountain's side,  
Where grass and flowers together lean,  
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things  
The steep and rugged path to try,  
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
And seared below the pastures lie, —

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,  
Along the dizzy verge to go,  
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,  
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,  
The shepherd drops his tender care,  
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,  
Blew on me as the south wind free  
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed  
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,  
Would all my happy senses sway,  
Of the good Shepherd on the height,  
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep, —  
While, like the murmur of the sea,  
Sounded that voice along the deep,  
Saying, " Arise, and follow me ! "



THE CHILD'S PICTURE.

(WHAT IT SUNG TO A SORE HEART.)

LITTLE face, so sweet, so fair,  
Pure as a star,  
Through the wilderness of air  
Twinkling afar !

With what melody divine,  
Sweet as a psalm,  
Sing those innocent eyes to mine  
Out of their calm !

And what echoing chords in me  
Wake from their sleep,  
God in me to God in thee,  
Deep unto deep !

Ah, my pain is not yet old ;  
Aching I list,  
And thy loveliness behold  
Dim through a mist.

Thoughts unbid my spirit stir ;  
Fresh in her charms  
Comes my tiny wanderer  
Back to my arms —

Comes my little truant dove,  
Seeking for rest,  
Tired of airy wastes above,  
Home to her nest —

Comes in her own nest to stay,  
Joy in her eyes ;  
But the vision fades away  
Into the skies.

---

Little face, so pure that art,  
Dreamy and fair,  
Sings thy beauty to my heart  
Hope or despair ?

Is there meaning in thy song,  
Sweet as a bird's ?  
Shall my fear or faith grow strong ?  
Hast thou no words ?

Canst thou mock my spirit so,  
Giving no sign ?  
Ah, thou singest clear and low —  
“ I am not thine ! ”

Nay, the beauty that was *mine*  
Sleeps 'neath the sods.  
Softly floats thy lay divine —  
“ Beauty is God's ! ”

Melts for aye the beautiful flake,  
Child of the sky,  
On the bosom of the lake —  
“ Spirit am I ! ”

Out of longing, loss, and pain,  
Is there no gate ?  
Shall I clasp my own again ?  
“ Silently wait ! ”

Little face, I list with awe ;  
Though the storms come,  
Law is love, and love is law —  
Let me be dumb !

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

### DIRGE.

**K**NOWS he who tills this lonely field,  
To reap its scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn ?

In the long sunny afternoon,  
The plain was full of ghosts ;  
I wandered up, I wandered down,  
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,  
Pouring as wide a flood  
As when my brothers, long ago,  
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone, — the holy ones  
Who trod with me this lovely vale ;  
The strong, star-bright companions  
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,  
Who made this world the feast it was,  
Who learned with me the lore of time,  
Who loved this dwelling-place !

They took this valley for their toy,  
They played with it in every mood ;  
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —  
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round ;  
Stars flamed and faded as they bade ;  
All echoes hearkened for their sound, —  
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,  
Which once our childhood knew ;  
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief  
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler  
Singing aloft in the tree !  
Hearest thou, O traveller,  
What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear  
With sorrow such as mine,  
Out of that delicate lay could'st thou  
Its heavy tale divine.

“Go, lonely man,” it saith ;  
“They loved thee from their birth ;  
Their hands were pure, and pure their faith, —  
There are no such hearts on earth.

“Ye drew one mother’s milk,  
One chamber held ye all ;  
A very tender history  
Did in your childhood fall.

“Ye cannot unlock your heart,  
The key is gone with them ;  
The silent organ loudest chants  
The master’s requiem.”

R. W. EMERSON.

## G O N E.

**A**NOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time,  
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay ;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister’s way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star —  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice, —  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move ;  
The breathing of an inward psalm ;  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day  
Her smile no longer cheers;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours.

J. G. WHITTIER.

## THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them  
entering in,  
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood  
from sin.

The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his strong eye,  
And trod firm the re-conquered soil of his nativity !

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in  
pain,  
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,  
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's  
throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of  
light and flame,  
Circled with them about as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for  
earth to buy,  
Now passed through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,  
“ Thank God ! there *is* a heaven,” she cried, “ though  
mine is endless woe.”



The angel of the golden gate said, "Where, then, dost thou dwell?

And who art thou that enterest not?" — "A soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be;

God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,

Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew her native air.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK.

## THE NEW HEAVEN.

LET whosoever will, inquire  
Of spirit or of seer,  
To shape into the heart's desire  
The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to Thee  
Than to these fancies fond,  
And wait, till Thou reveal to me  
That fair and far beyond.

I seek not of Thy Eden-land  
The forms and hues to know,  
What trees in mystic order stand,  
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,  
Or commerce glad and kind,  
Or how along each shining way  
The bright processions wind.

Oh, joy ! to hear with sense new born  
The angels' greeting strains,  
And sweet to see the first fair morn  
Gild the celestial plains.

But sweeter far to trust in Thee  
While all is yet unknown,  
And through the death-dark cheerily  
To walk with Thee alone.

In Thee, my powers, my treasures live,  
To Thee, my life must tend ;  
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,  
O soul-sufficing friend !

And wherefore should I seek above  
Thy City in the sky ?  
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,  
Its broad foundations lie ?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,  
Nor known on earth, nor praised,  
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,  
Its holy towers are raised.

Where faith the soul hath purified,  
And penitence hath shriven,  
And truth is crowned and glorified,  
There — only there — is Heaven.

PASSAGE FROM "ANDREW RYKMAN'S  
PRAYER."

SCARCELY Hope hath shaped for me  
What the future life may be.  
Other lips may well be bold ;  
Like the publican of old,  
I can only urge the plea,  
" Lord, be merciful to me !"  
Nothing of desert I claim,  
Unto me belongeth shame.  
Not for me the crowns of gold,  
Palms, and harpings manifold ;  
Not for erring eye and feet,  
Jasper wall and golden street.  
What Thou wilt, O Father, give !  
All is gain that I receive.  
If my voice I may not raise  
In the elders' song of praise,  
If I may not, sin-defiled,  
Claim my birthright as a child,  
Suffer it that I to Thee  
As an hired servant be ;  
Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine ;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace :  
Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do ;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant ;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### SONNET ON NIGHT AND DEATH.

**M**YSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,

While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. BLANCO WHITE, 1775-1841.

### THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?  
That marble door  
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,  
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,  
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?  
No gold, no gains  
Of all our toiling : in the life immortal  
No hoarded wealth remains,  
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us  
We entered here :  
No word came with our coming, to remind us  
What wondrous world was near,  
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,  
Naked we glide :  
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,  
No comrade at our side,  
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,  
Our footsteps fare :  
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow —  
His love alone is there,  
No curse, no care.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

### ATHANASIA.

THE ship may sink,  
And I may drink  
A hasty death in the bitter sea ;  
But all that I leave  
In the ocean-grave  
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I,  
Though falls the sky,  
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn ?  
No fires of doom  
Can ever consume  
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath !  
There is no death  
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.  
Not of the clod  
Is the life of God :  
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

CHARLES G. AMES.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### A THANKSGIVING.

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice  
First quickened love divine ;  
I am all Thine, — Thy care and choice,  
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence  
In childhood frail I trace,  
For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,  
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;  
Blessings, when reason's awful power  
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
Unasked, un hoped, have come ;  
And, choicer still, a countless store  
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
I shrine those seasons sad,  
When, looking up, I saw Thy face  
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
And sweet its memory now.

And such Thy tender force be still,  
When self would swerve or stray ;  
Shaping to truth the froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove  
The lure of power or name ;  
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,  
And faith in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1829.

## THE INWARD WITNESS OF GOD.

“**W**HERE is your God ?” they say :  
Answer them, Lord most Holy !  
Reveal Thy secret way  
Of visiting the lowly :  
Not wrapped in moving cloud,  
Or nightly-resting fire ;  
But veiled within the shroud  
Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,  
Or bursting frown of thunder :  
Come in the viewless form  
Of wakening love and wonder ; —



Of duty grown divine,  
The restless spirit, still ;  
Of sorrows taught to shine,  
As shadows of Thy will.

O God ! the pure alone, —  
E'en in their deep confessing, —  
Can see Thee as their own,  
And find the perfect blessing :  
Yet to each waiting soul  
Speak in Thy still small voice,  
Till broken love's made whole,  
And saddened hearts rejoice.

ANONYMOUS, 1873. *Hymns of Praise and Prayer.*

## I D E A L S.

ANGELS of Growth, of old in that surprise  
Of your first vision, wild and sweet,  
I poured in passionate sighs  
My wish unwise  
That ye descend my heart to meet, —  
My heart so slow to rise !

Now thus I pray : Angelic be to hold  
In heaven your shining poise afar,  
And to my wishes bold  
Reply with cold,  
Sweet invitation, like a star  
Fixed in the heavens old.

Did ye descend, what were ye more than I ?  
Is't not by this ye are divine, —  
    That, native to the sky,  
    Ye cannot hie  
Downward, and give low hearts the wine  
    That should reward the high ?

Weak, yet in weakness I no more complain  
Of your abiding in your places ;  
    Oh, still, howe'er my pain  
    Wild prayers may rain,  
Keep pure on high the perfect graces,  
    That, stooping, could but stain !

Not to content our lowness, but to lure  
And lift us to your angelhood,  
    Do your surprises pure  
    Dawn far and sure  
Above the tumult of young blood,  
    And starlike there endure.

Wait there, — wait, and invite me while I climb ;  
For, see, I come ! — but slow, but slow !  
    Yet ever as your chime,  
    Soft and sublime,  
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go  
    Up the great stair of time.

DAVID A. WASSON.

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